1777. c 111

A NEW AND APPROPRIATE ENTERTAINMENT,

CALLED THE

Glorious First of June.

PERFORMED, FOR THE FIRST TIME,

BY

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,

On WEDNESDAY, JULY 2nd, 1794

For the BENEFIT of the

WIDOWS and ORPHANS

Of the Brave Men who fell in the late Engagements under

EARL HOWE.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. LOWNDES, NO. 66, DRURY-LANE, NEXT THE STAGE-DOOR, AND SOLD IN THE THEATRE.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Perſons Repreſented.

Comodore Broadſide,	Mr. PALMER.
Endleſs, — —	Mr. SUETT,
Old Cottager, —	Mr. MADDOCKS,
Robin, —	Mr. BARRYMORE,
William, —	Mr. C. KEMBLE,
Tom Oakum, —	Mr. BANNISTER,
Ben, — —	Mr. SEDGWICK,
Splicem, —|	Mr. KELLY,
Boy, — —	Maſter WELSH,
Dick, —	Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH,
Buſy, —	Mr. BENSON.
Cottager's Wife, —	Mrs, BOOTH,
Mary, —	Miſs DE CAMP,
Suſan, — —	Miſs LEAK,
Girl, — —	Miſs MENAGE,
Cicely, — —	Miſs CHATTERLEY,
Margaretta, —	Signora STORACE,

Sailors, Countrymen, Country Laſſes, &c. &c.

SONGS, CHORUSES, &c.

IN THE

GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE.

GLEE.

Mary, Susan, Boy, and Country Men.

ADIEU to the village delights
Which lately my fancy enjoy'd,
No longer the country invites,
To me all its pleasures are void.

Adieu to the health-breathing hill,
Thou canst not my comfort restore,
For ever adieu my dear Will,
My Henry, alas! is no more.

SONG

SONG. Boy.

When 'tis night, and the mid watch is come,
And chilling miſts hang o'er the darken'd main,
Then ſailors think of their far-diſtant home,
And of thoſe friends they ne'er may ſee again;
But when the fight's begun,
Each ſerving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er our mind;
We think that ſhould the day be won;
How 'twill cheer
Their hearts to hear
That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a miſtreſs kind,
Have left on ſhore, ſome pretty girl and true,
Who many a night doth liſten to the wind,
And ſighs to think how it may fare with you.
O! when the fight's begun
Each ſerving at his gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind;
Think only ſhould the day be won:
How 'twill cheer
Her heart to hear
That her own true ſailor he was one.

SONG. Suſan.

Oh ſtay, my love, my William dear,
Ah! whither art thou flying?
Nor thinkſt thou of my parents here
Nor heed'ſt thy Suſan ſighing;
Thy country's cauſe and honour call,
Are words that but deceive thee,
Thou ſeeſt my tears, how faſt they fall
Thou muſt not, William leave me.

Who'll o'er them watch, if thus we part,
In ſickneſs or in ſorrow,
In ſome cold ſhed, with breaking heart,
Where will thy comfort borrow?
Neglected left, no William nigh,
To chear, protect, relieve them;
I, helpleſs, thrown aſide to die,
Thou muſt not, William leave them.

Ah me! and think a ſummers flown,
Perhaps we part for ever;
The fondeſt hearts that e'er were known,
Unpitying death will ſever!
Then why e'er waſte or throw away?
('Twill paſs too ſoon, believe me)
Our day of love, our little day,
Thou muſt not William leave me.

SONG. *Splicem.*

When in war on the ocean, we meet the proud foe,
With ardour for conqueſt our boſoms do glow,
Shou'd they ſee on our veſſels Old England's flag wave,
'Tis worthy of Britons, who conquer to ſave.

Their tri-colour'd enſigns we view from afar,
With three cheers they're welcom'd by each Britiſh tar;
Whilſt the Genius of Britain ſtill bids us advance,
Our great guns like thunder bid defiance to France.

But mark our laſt broadſide; ſhe ſinks, down ſhe goes;
Quickly man all our boats, they no longer are foes,
To ſnatch a brave fellow from a wat'ry grave,
Is worthy a Briton, who conquers to ſave.

Happy land, thou haſt now in defence of thy rights,
Brave Howe, who the man and the hero unites;
The friend to the wretched, the boaſt of the brave,
He lives ſtill to conquer, and conquers to ſave.

QUINTETTO.

QUINTETTO.

Splicem, Countrymen, Mary, and Suſan.

Th' eventful hour is near at hand,
That muſt my deſtiny command:
Ah! could I purchaſe fortune's ſmile,
Whole years of future pain and toil
I'd yield to her capricious power,
And bribe her for that ſingle hour.

SONG. Tom Oakum.

O'er the vaſt ſurface of the deep
Britain ſhall ſtill her empire keep;
Her heav'n-deſcended charter long,
The fav'rite theme of Glory's ſong,
Shall ſtill proclaim the bleſt decree,
That Britons ever ſhall be free.

" Though hoſtile bands, in fierce array,
" Dare to diſpute her ſov'reign ſway;
" Though ſavage fury, nurs'd in gore,
" Boaſt to deſpoil her ſilver ſhore;
" Heaven ſtill ſupports her beſt decree,
" That Britons ever ſhall be free.

" 'Twas thus with HOWE, illuſtrious name!
" Still adding to a life of fame,
" Through Gallia's proud Armada broke—
" And Albion's wrath in thunder ſpoke
" While Vict'ry ſanction'd the decree—
" That Britons ever ſhall be free.

Hail happy Britain, favour'd iſle,
Where freedom, arts, and commerce ſhine;
Long may thy George in glory prove,
The tranſports of a nation's love;
Long reign to guard the bleſt decree,
That Britons ever ſhall be free.

DUET.

Mary and Suſan.

Our hearts with joy expanding,
Your voice our fate commanding,
Moſt grateful thanks demanding,
Accept the tribute due:
Whatever good befalling,
We ſtill ſhall think of you;
Adieu!——
Whatever good befalling,
Our gratitude recalling,
We ſtill ſhall think of you.

ACT II.

Margaretta.

Never, never, when you 've won us
Can we truſt in faithleſs man?
For our conſtant love you ſhun us
And we 're dup'd do all we can.

Soon the paſſion you pretended,
Like a magic charm is ended,
While we're grieving, ſobbing, crying;
You're to others kneeling, ſighing,
Wheedling, vowing, weeping dying,
To betray where'er you can
Never, never, &c.

Silly maidens, here take warning,
Vows of love, with prudence ſcorning.
Never, never, &c.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE DUET,

Margaretta and Suſan.

Marg. Of lover's you'll have plenty,
Be married ere you're twenty,
The youth whom moſt you favour
Is gone hence afar;
An honeſt farmer wooes you,
A lawyer too purſues you;
But ah! your heart's enſlaver
Is a Britiſh Tar.
His country's cauſe eſpouſing,
The trump of glory rouſing
His valour's beſt emotion,
He'll a conq'ror prove.
But ah! the fatal ſtory!
That heart which pants for glory.
Inconſtant as the ocean.

Suſan. And is he falſe in love?

Marg. This morning I eſpied you,
By magic art deſcried you
The Sailor's gift receiving,
He gave a purſe of gold.

Suſan

Suſan. I'll pay it where 'tis owing
A keepſake too beſtowing,
My Kindred's wants relieving.
Marg. Your gratitude thus raiſing
His noble bounty praiſing,
Your heart ſo fond believing.
Suſan. I to my William true.
Marg. The traitor's love diſdaining
That keepſake, why retaining,
Both. In truſt this pledge receiving,
Is Margaretta's due.

SONG. *Ben.*

Our line was form'd, the French lay too,
One ſigh I gave to Poll on ſhore,
Too cold I thought our laſt adieu,
Our parting kiſſes ſeem'd too few!
If we ſhould meet no more.

But love avaſt! my heart is oak!
Howe's daring ſignal floats on high,
I ſee through roaring cannon's ſmoke
Their awful line ſubdued and broke,
They ſtrike!—they ſink!—they fly!

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Now (danger paſt) we'll drink and joke,
Sing "Rule Britannia! hearts of oak!"
And toaſt before each martial tune,
Howe and the Glorious firſt of June.

Farewell to every ſea delight,
The cruize with eager watchful days
The ſkilfull chaſe by glimering night:
The well work'd ſhip, the gallant fight:
The lov'd commander's praiſe.

Yet Polly's love and conſtancy
With prattling babes, more joy ſhall bring,
Proud whom my boys ſhall firſt at ſea,
Follow great Howe and victory,
And ſerve our noble King.

CHORUS.

Then, &c.

FINALE.

FINALE.

RULE BRITANNIA.

Verſe and Chorus.

RULE BRITANNIA.